CHAPTER X

AN ISLAND VILLAGE

THERE is only one real village in this island of Tahiti. Papeete is a town, even a city since it has a cathedral, and from Papeete you can run in a motor-car seventy-two kilometres until you reach the turning that takes you down to the bulbous peninsula so curiously tacked on by a neck of low land to the main island, without passing through any collection of buildings big enough to be called a village. All the way, as I have said, you will be seeing houses, iron and wood villas nine times out of ten and as ugly as their perfect surroundings will let them be, but there are a few score metres be-tween each. Each faces the road, the modern

dusty road of the daily motor-lorries, and is